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# DISCONTENT

New

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"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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WHOLE NO. 111.

## AROUSE, YE PEOPLE.

Arouse, ye people, what hypnotic spell  
Hath fallen on thee, eye, ear and  
hand?

What power compels  
Thy acquiescence? and at whose com-  
mand

Drop'st thou the scepter of thy sover-  
eignty?

They bind thy puissant limbs with  
cunning cords

All silken soft when their adjustment is;

They bind thy puissant limbs with  
cunning words,

They din thine ears with marching mel-  
odies;

But when the cords begin to draw,

And all their promises are lies,

Thick braided in life and law,

And all that's left of Liberty

Is her dead shape and sightless

eyes—

Thou canst not struggle to thy feet again

To meet the menace of these lording

men.

Arouse, ye people! passeth speedily

The saving hour that yet remains to thee.

Be not deluded; power, place and pelf

Are strong against thee—look thou to

thyself.

—E. C. T.

## CRANKY NOTIONS.

The State Socialists are making head-  
way now with remarkable strides. They  
are active, aggressive, fanatical, and  
these are qualities that tell in any move-  
ment. Go where you will, into what-  
ever kind of society, and you hear au-  
thoritarian sentiments. The govern-  
ment must do this, that and the other  
thing is a philosophy easily understood,  
because if the government is going to do  
everything for you, why should you  
bother about doing anything for your-  
self. But I am not discouraged because  
these ideas are spreading, as that seems  
to be one of the evolutionary steps to-  
ward Anarchism. Every Anarchist I  
know has been at some time more or  
less of an authoritarian of the Socialist  
kind. A person who becomes a State  
Socialist shows that he is discontented  
with present social-industrial arrange-  
ments and desires a change. When he  
commences to investigate more closely  
he finds that he doesn't amount to much  
under the system of "majority rule,"  
and begins to ask himself the question:  
"Why should the majority rule any  
more than the minority?" The answer  
is not satisfactory, unless he expects to  
be on the majority side all the time.  
When he gets in the minority he sees  
that the rule of the majority is just as  
tyrannical as any other kind of rule,  
and he comes to the conclusion that the  
real issue is not between majority and  
minority rule but between rule and free-  
dom. He who is ruled is not free, and  
no one should lose his freedom unless he  
has committed a crime.

A criminal is one who has violated the  
law of equal freedom, that is to say, one  
who has done an injury to another by  
aggression. Under any system of phys-  
ical-force rule the rulers are doing vio-  
lence to those whom they rule, and, con-  
sequently, are the real criminals. Any

person who compels another to do that  
which is not to his interest, or which he  
does not want to do, is a governor. Gov-  
ernment is an aggressive act, hence in-  
jurious, hence criminal.

In my early days of activity in the so-  
cial labor movement I found myself  
often opposed to the views of the major-  
ity of my fellows, notably in the trades  
union and Social Labor party sections,  
and I felt the iron enter my soul deeply.  
While I always had the courage to pro-  
test against the invasion of the rights of  
the individual, I could see that it was  
the nature of those in power to be im-  
patient at the protestations of the mi-  
nority and a desire to increase power  
over the individual so as to compel him  
to obey the decrees of the majority.  
This was always done under the plea  
that it was best for the individual him-  
self. Hence I became an Anarchist.

The authoritarian never seems to re-  
alize that no one can know what will  
produce the greatest happiness for oth-  
ers? Each individual has his own opin-  
ion as to what will give himself the  
greatest satisfaction, and the conditions,  
therefore, must be such as to grant to  
each person the right to choose his own  
means of happiness. The only limit to  
this right is aggression on the rights of  
others. You, for example, should have  
the right to sing and holler as loud as  
you please if in doing so you do not dis-  
turb others. You should have no right  
to yell all night and keep the neighbor-  
hood awake.

In a passenger car you should have  
the right to sit and occupy one seat (if  
you pay for it), but you should not be  
allowed to occupy more than one seat  
when others are standing who have paid  
as much as you?

If you are in a closed street car you  
have no right to bring a dog in also, or  
a pig or chickens, and you have no right  
to smoke, because others who do not do  
these things are discommoded. The law  
of equal freedom forbids that you should  
have more privileges than they. You  
did not pay for the privilege of smoking  
or carrying your animals in that car.  
But you would have no right to object  
to smoking if you insisted on riding in  
a smoking car, or insisting upon exclud-  
ing animals from cars expressly for their  
transportation. The element of choice  
is free to all. So you have no right to  
make things disagreeable for me if I  
choose to do anything that only offends  
your taste and has not the element of  
aggression. I should have the right to  
cut my hair and whiskers whichever way  
I like, wear such clothes as I myself  
deem suitable, eat whatever I want (if I  
get it honorably), and so on. I do not  
invade your right if I paint my house a  
color that is displeasing to you, or build  
it such shape as offends your architect-  
ural tastes.

My religion may not suit you; but  
that's none of your business, and you

aggress my rights if you insist upon in-  
truding your views upon me against my  
consent if we are in any place where I  
have just as much right as you. For  
example: We have a club house for so-  
cial purposes; you have no right to ex-  
ploit your religious, political or any  
other views in that house if I or others  
object. If we have a place where it is  
agreed that all kinds of subjects may be  
discussed then no one has the right to  
object to anything that may be said.  
If he does not like what is being said he  
should have the privilege of retiring at  
any time, but he must do so in a decent,  
orderly way, so as not to disturb those  
who do want to hear.

The above thoughts are prompted by  
the generalities that abound in DISCON-  
TENT. Some time ago I called attention  
to the fact that we are not specific  
enough in our statements of what is and  
what is not "right," or what the things  
are that violate equal freedom. What  
is equal freedom anyway? Is freedom  
such an element that it can be measured,  
so much to you and so much to me? If  
you know, tell us and give us every-day  
examples. I have been bold enough to  
add my mite. JOSEPH A. LABADIE.

## LECTURED IN TACOMA.

On the evening of August 20 I attended  
the Spiritualist church and listened to  
a lecture on Spiritualism by our Com-  
rade J. W. Adams, of Home.

In his discourse he made an excellent  
defense of free love, showing that it is  
not what people generally understand it  
to mean. Altogether, I consider his lec-  
ture a grand stroke for the blending of  
the liberal element of Tacoma with our  
thought and work at Home in behalf  
of human progress.

I trust that this event may be the  
means of adding new enthusiasm and  
vigor to the work of emancipating the  
human mind from the foulest supersti-  
tion that ever cursed it, and that the  
spirit of united thought and action may  
be cherished between the progressive  
thinkers of Tacoma and our own group  
of ideal Anarchists of Home and be pro-  
ductive of much good work and social  
intercourse. C. L. PENHALLOW.

Never forget, if you are an American,  
that the king of Italy had no more right  
than any of his unfortunate Italian sub-  
jects, taxed to death to support the army  
and navy, to rule over the Italian people.  
And never forget, when a king or czar or  
an emperor is assassinated, that the first  
acts of violence come always from the  
throne and the aristocracy, and that  
these criminal acts under a monarchy  
against a free people are more in number  
than the sands of the seashore. In Italy  
hundreds of their best men and women  
have been imprisoned simply for free  
speech, or for supporting a free press,  
and have been left to languish and die in  
foul dungeons; all this in recent years.—  
Warren (Mass.) Herald.

## "THAT GOVERNMENT IS BEST WHICH GOVERNS NOT AT ALL."

Thus said Thoreau some 50 years ago,  
and today an ever-increasing number  
are crediting the dictum; yet, after all,  
we are but as a corporal's guard. Why  
is it? I ask myself repeatedly; and look-  
ing backward over the traveled road I  
questioned why it was that I did not  
become an Anarchist long years before I  
did. The answer appears to be that I  
did not chance upon the right kind of  
literature, hence waded into the slough  
of State Socialism, only coming out on  
to terra firma when I had read Dyer D.  
Lum's "Economics of Anarchy." Now,  
friends, you know as well as I do that  
there is a multitude, whom we haven't  
time to number, that are pressing for-  
ward to State Socialism, believing it to  
be rock bottom. I am sure that very  
many of these could be diverted and  
converted from that fallacious way and  
faith by a modicum of effort if we will  
bestir ourselves a little. I feel like ask-  
ing "Are you interested in the spread of  
our gospel sufficiently to spend 10 min-  
utes and 10 cents?" If so, send to Free  
Society, 236 Clinton Park, San Fran-  
cisco, Calif., for a copy of Enrico Ma-  
latesta's "Anarchy," and when you pass  
down the street, or into a workshop,  
give it to the most intelligent looking  
young workingman that will promise to  
read it. Never mind about it not doing  
any good; just drop your sluggish pes-  
simism for 600 seconds and cultivate an  
active optimism for just that lengthy  
period, please. Believe me, "books are  
not absolutely dead things, but do con-  
tain within themselves a potency to be  
as active as that soul whose progeny  
they are," and I know of a truth that I  
should have rejoiced years ago, and been  
earlier in your ranks, had some Anarch-  
ist placed this brochure in my hands,  
which I consider a most excellent pri-  
mary of our faith—the more since Com-  
rade Morton's "Is It All a Dream" is  
bound up with it.

Such a propaganda as suggested can-  
not fail to bear some fruit, ripening in  
due season, and helping further to ulti-  
mate that glorious and perfect state in  
which every citizen will walk free and  
unfettered, because of the realization of  
his sovereign individuality.

"Is it a dream?  
Nay, but the lack of it a dream,  
And failing it life's lore and wealth a  
dream  
And all the world a dream.

C. H. CHEYSE.

Our Christian (?) friends are circulat-  
ing a great amount of literature, showing  
the cruelties practiced by the heathen  
world. Much is said of the horrors of  
throwing children into the Ganges, but  
no reference is made to starved and  
frozen children in our land. Is it less  
horrible to starve innocent children to  
death than to throw them into a river  
where they meet instant death?—New  
Light.



# DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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all money orders payable to Discon-  
tent, Home, Wash.

## A DISCUSSION.

I have a proposition to make to Discon-  
tent. I propose that a half column in a  
stated part of the paper each week be  
devoted to an intended discussion of the  
issue between Anarchist Communism  
and Commercial Anarchism. The advo-  
cates of these isms do not become able to  
understand each other's positions be-  
cause of lack of prolonged and system-  
atic comparison of views in detail. Let  
two contestants undertake this contro-  
versy in a spirit of love for the whole  
truth. Let each feel that there is a plen-  
itude of time and that the discussion will  
be continued long enough to accomplish  
the desired end, namely, to beat or to be  
beaten. Let each writer be his own  
judge of whether he is sticking to the  
question, only subject to exposure by his  
opponent for irrelevancy. If one advo-  
cate lapses into silence, let the editor  
allow the other to continue the discus-  
sion alone for an indefinite period if he  
desires. Not less than two years should  
be devoted to this interchange of argu-  
ments. No set resolution or formal  
statement of question is necessary as  
the entire schemes, as understood by  
each, are to be left open for disputation.

Now, I offer myself as the advocate  
on the side of commercial Anarchism.  
No antagonist you may select can pos-  
sibly affront me as I never lose temper.  
As to my own part, offensive personali-  
ties will not be indulged in, and I can  
apologize whether right or wrong.

If the debate takes place, I suggest  
that this letter be printed at the begin-  
ning.

EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

The above letter has been forwarded to  
me with an invitation by the Discontent  
Group to use the columns of the paper as  
a party to the proposed controversy.  
Conditionally, I accept the challenge of  
Edgar D. Brinkerhoff to discuss the rela-  
tive merits of Anarchist Communism and  
commercialism, "in a spirit", as Mr.  
Brinkerhoff suggests, "of love for the  
truth."

I do not think it necessary to state  
any length of time for the discussion to  
run, and would like to have it under-  
stood that either side may feel perfectly  
free to withdraw when in his opinion it  
has become fruitless or exhausted. Of-  
fensive personalities must be avoided,  
but good natured sarcasm or irony need  
not be considered as offensive. Let each  
contribution be limited to 500 or 600  
words—say not more than a column in  
Discontent. I agree that no formal  
statement of the question is necessary,  
but I think each party to the contro-  
versy should start out by defining very  
clearly and succinctly the principal  
terms he expects to use, and also give  
concise and plain definition of both his  
own and his antagonist's doctrines: thus  
if Mr. Brinkerhoff wishes to go ahead  
I should expect him to define both An-  
archist Individualism (or Commercial-

ism) and Anarchist Communism as he  
understands them, and in my first reply  
I would do the same. We would then  
avoid misunderstanding one another.

As I never know when I shall be very  
busy, and as my work is mentally ex-  
hausting, I may not always be prompt  
in replying; but agree that if either side  
should lapse into silence his opponent  
may continue as long as he desires to  
do so. If Mr. Brinkerhoff agrees to the  
above let him start the ball.

Denver, Colo.

Wm. Holmes.

## Communism vs. Commercialism

### Part I.

Let it be understood that the above  
heading is for short and that a fuller in-  
scription would be, Anarchist Commun-  
ism vs. Anarchist Socialism.

A change should be made in our gov-  
ernment. The right of trial by jury  
should be guaranteed to all men and  
women. The jury itself should do the  
trying. Each jurymen should feel free  
to reach a decision regardless of exist-  
ing statute or common law. No sen-  
tence should be pronounced except one  
that is unanimously approved of by the  
jury.

This simple change in the administra-  
tion of affairs would open the way for  
improved conditions. Even as the  
American people stand today much of  
present oppression would cease. Many  
trusts and monopolies would fall at once.  
Also, it would be hard to convict a man  
for smuggling to evade the tariff, for  
issuing money in defiance of the national  
banking law, or for occupying unused  
land. Thus the greatest evils would  
soon be abated. Should the thoughtful  
desire to establish still other liberties,  
let them convert one-twelfth of the com-  
munity to their way of thinking. Land,  
money and tariff monopolies gone, and  
the monopolies and trusts founded upon  
them also gone, the common laborer's  
wages would begin to rise until he could  
purchase for a day's labor say as much  
as \$10 will now buy. This would be an  
end worth attaining.

If I have used terms which need de-  
fining before the above statements can  
be understood, let Mr. William Holmes  
point them out and I will try to furnish  
a definition of each. If Mr. Holmes  
agrees to all the statements, let him say  
so and I will endeavor to say something  
to which he will not agree. If he ob-  
jects to my statements or assumptions  
he will please indicate which ones and  
why he cannot accept them.

Then the Anarchist Communists there  
can be found no set of people worthier  
of respect so far as the goodness of their  
intentions is concerned. But the man-  
ner in which they propose to attain so-  
cial ideals does not strike me favorably.  
But, as Mr. Holmes is not responsible  
for the beliefs of others, I will ask him  
to expound his theories in part by an-  
swering the following questions:

1. How are disputed questions to be  
settled under Anarchist Communism?
2. What course will be taken in re-  
gard to those who persist in buying and  
selling?
3. What is to be done with the vicious  
and invasive classes pending the time  
when they cease to be vicious and in-  
vasive?
4. To what extent is a worker to be  
sustained in possession of the products  
of his labor?

5. Why will men choose the com-  
munist method of cooperation in pref-  
erence to the commercial mode of co-  
operation?

If Mr. Holmes will answer some or all  
of the above questions, I will attempt  
to answer queries of his.

EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

## "WHAT LOVE IS."

It is well that "Bert Bruck" said that  
hers was "a woman's side of the ques-  
tion," it certainly is not the woman's  
side, or we, her readers, might have be-  
lieved her to be some cold-blooded, hard  
sort of man trying to tell us all about  
love, instead of a warm-hearted, emo-  
tional girl trying to be strictly analytical.

The trouble with all matter-of-fact,  
"logical" Materialists is that they must  
explain everything. There is no subject  
connected with human life which can be  
left in hazy indistinctness, even though  
the mist is rosy and radiant, but they  
must come up and define and describe,  
and classify and arrange all the parts so  
that nothing is left in mystery. A vague  
sentiment cannot be left to be merely a  
vague sentiment—an emotion must be  
snatched from a throbbing heart, im-  
paled and dissected with the coolness  
and skill of a professional vivisectionist,  
or truth is in danger.

It will not do to let love remain the  
sweet, tragic mystery it is, but it must  
be reduced to its lowest denomination,  
its prime factors determined, and each  
one classified and arranged. We find it  
is friendship, physical attraction, es-  
teem, personal desire; and when every-  
thing ethereal is stripped away, it is sim-  
ply desire. It may be true that love is  
only desire, but the one bare word gives  
a very meager idea of all that it means.  
There is something in love which defies  
definition. For there may be a strong  
physical attraction, a congeniality of  
thought, tastes and inclinations, a  
mental harmony, and yet the parties  
may not really love each other. Ask any  
ardent lover just why he loves a certain  
woman. He cannot tell you exactly  
why he loves that particular woman and  
no other; there is a certain something  
indescribable in his feeling for her, a  
something that makes her dearer to him  
than all the world beside. I do not  
know that this indefinable something  
can ever be caught, examined and clas-  
sified. It always escapes us when we  
would try to define it; friendship is not  
that love; congeniality is not it; sexual  
desire alone does not include it; nor  
does a combination of all three always  
contain it.

When the writer says "love is an illu-  
sion," the craving of an organic need for  
its rightful food, elevated by the imagin-  
ation, the emotional rising within us,  
desire clothed in a mythical garb called  
love," she is using beautiful language,  
but she is not simplifying the matter in  
the least. Even if love is "only desire"  
made beautiful by the imagination, ren-  
dered mystical by the inexplicable emo-  
tions of our beings, etherialized by the  
tenderness of the passion itself, it is a  
very complex and unexplainable thing.  
We cannot understand our own beings,  
our own thoughts and feelings, the hid-  
den springs of activity, mental and phys-  
ical, the psychological processes going  
on within us. How much less could we  
expect to analyze and explain the nature  
of the processes taking place when two

such uncomprehended beings meet and  
commingle their inner forces? I am  
willing to admit that we do not know all  
about ourselves, and about the attrac-  
tions which take place between us,  
though we may in time; my material-  
istic friend is not—everything in reach  
must be got at and named somehow—  
and that is the difference between us.

It seems to me that some things my  
friend declares of love are not true.  
"An emotional condition . . . creating a  
desire which, if gratified, will cease to  
exist" is not true of real love. By ex-  
perience and observation I know that  
this is not the case. There is a right and  
wrong use of sexual passion; it should  
always be under the control of the will,  
and excess is the death of it. It will  
lead to certain results, either way, ac-  
cording as desire is gratified. Love does  
not vanish with reasonable satiety.  
Some of the tenderest and sweetest emo-  
tions of our natures are felt at the mo-  
ment of a beautiful satisfaction. The  
indefinable something in love, which  
makes it so much to us, is strongest at  
such a time; it is something which can  
be cultivated; it is the essence, the life  
of love.

I came upon a woman, one day, with  
sad eyes, pale lips, and a hastily hidden  
tear upon her cheek. I knew she was  
thinking of a hopeless love already three  
years old. Why was she still remember-  
ing that one? Why did she not turn to  
"any other person of attractive qualities  
who would do for the gratification of  
this need?"

It is impossible at this stage of en-  
lightenment to chase down love, with  
sundry other pitiful emotions of the hu-  
man being, and analyze, define, and  
ticket it forevermore. I shall come un-  
der the condemnation of the very cri-  
tical persons who are sure they know it  
all, and that what cannot be explained  
and classified has no existence. I do  
not pretend to belong to any school of  
occult thought. I simply bide my time.

L. M. H.

## OVERPRODUCTION.

There is a never-ending babble about  
"overproduction" among small-potato-  
theorists who trace all the miseries of  
life to the superabundance of the goods  
of life. Well, there is overproduction of  
certain kinds.

There is an overproduction of loafers,  
eating other people's bread.

There is an overproduction of gangren-  
ous corporations, devouring mankind's  
substance.

There is an overproduction of \$20 a-  
month toilers and \$1,000,000-a-month  
capitalists.

There is an overproduction of blarney-  
mouthed politicians, whose politics are  
spoils and plunder.

There is an overproduction of dirty  
legislation in every state legislature in  
the country.

There is an overproduction of corpo-  
ration tools in both houses of congress  
and in all the legislatures of the coun-  
try.

There is an overproduction of shys-  
ters, heartless and brainless, at the bar,  
and of judicial mercenaries on the bench.

There is an overproduction in all quar-  
ters of suborned newspapers, and of  
scribblers ready to sell their souls for a  
job on them.

There is an overproduction of clerical



charlatans who preach lies for money.

There is an overproduction of millionaires, tramps, monopolists, drudges, cornerers, speculators, toadies, starvelings, coroners, mill children, factory women, bedizened Jezebels of fashion, and painted wasps of unclean society.

There is an overproduction of rent, profit, interest and cheating.

There is an overproduction of adulterated articles of food, shoddy garments, barrack tenements, bogus jewelry, watered stock and claptrap.

But, if one may judge from the conditions of the masses of the people everywhere, there is no overproduction of those things required for the life and wellbeing of mankind, such as befitting houses, clothing and food, or those things which make the world pleasant, such as proper furniture, works of art, books, etc., or of those things needed by the community for social growth. Moreover, the industry of the world's workers, organized in the way most advantageous to those workers, would not, with the help of all the machinery yet invented, produce a surfeit of those things at any time within the next hundred years.—Reno Plaindealer.

#### CHAINS.

BY JUNA.

#### CHAPTER XII.

Our travelers found their home very pleasant, and getting settled an enjoyable experience. The tenant and his wife were valuable assistants. A few trips to the city were taken to order goods, by different members of the family, and soon all was arranged satisfactorily. True to the idea expressed by Jennie, each had his or her own apartment sacred to each one. "Privacy is a right that everyone should demand. I want to know that when I enter my room and close the door I will be alone. One needs an opportunity to think and to commune with one's self—to get away from even the dearest of our loved ones." So Jennie said, and all agreed with her in the arrangement of the rooms. A room is an index of the owner's character, to an extent that few would believe. I can tell the characteristics of a man or woman as soon as I see their room, be it furnished ever so poorly, or sumptuously. And it is an interesting study; I suppose the Theosophist would enlarge learnedly upon the "aura which emanates," etc., but whatever the cause we know that we leave our impress on our surroundings. Jennie Blake had two rooms, a bedroom and a sitting-room. The former was furnished in blue and white, nothing very expensive but all dainty and neat, an abundance of toilet articles, a pretty white-covered bed, a few engravings on the wall, a pretty chair or two made the room look as though one could rest in it. Drawing aside the heavy curtain, a blue and white one, a tiny square hall was seen. The floor of this hall was covered with a Persian rug and it was furnished with an umbrella stand, a hat rack and a stand for overshoes and rubbers. Drawing aside the curtain (which was of a rich brown) at the other side of the hall a veritable bower of beauty greeted the eye—a room furnished in the rich autumn tints, the deep, dark browns, shading to light yellows, dashed here and

there with red; a large painting of a forest scene in autumn, another of a nutting party, and an easel stood in the corner with a painting of a dog's head, his large, expressive brown eyes looking into yours. There were books everywhere, in large and small bookcases, and not a case had doors, all were curtained. "It looks more homelike and I can get at my books with less trouble," Jennie had said. A table was in the centre of the room covered with books; a writing desk near the window, some easy chairs, and you have an idea of Jennie's room.

Across the large hall were two rooms belonging to Ida and Andrew, Jr. Pink and white were the colors of the bedroom, and any article that she thought pretty or needful was in Ida's parlor. As she was quite a musician she had her piano there. Ida's "bump of order" had not been fully developed, and, while not really untidy, her room was not as orderly as it might have been, for her music was pretty well scattered at times, as were flowers and all sorts of pictures, and then, too, the boy's playthings could not always be kept in place. Ida had "a place for everything and everything in its place," the place being wherever she happened to drop the article. There were times when she took an orderly spell and everything was as prim as possible, but she soon "fell from grace." As these rooms were hers she could do as she pleased.

Mrs. Blake preferred to have her rooms downstairs "where I can go without having to climb stairs." As she had brought the furniture that she used so long in Delville, and arranged it as nearly as possible like the rooms in which she had lived so long, it seemed like home. "Whenever you begin to get homesick, come to my room," the good lady had said, "and you will think you are at home."

Rollin Carr had selected one large room upstairs and called it his "den." Books, papers, magazines in abundance were there and there were shelves filled with his geological specimens, a large case of stuffed birds, another of small animals, and a table that "always had something dead on it," as Ida had said.

But the large room downstairs, "the common sittingroom" they called it, was the favorite room. Everything in it was for use and comfort. The room had once been a hall, and at some time when the house had been remodeled it had been found necessary to use the hall for a storeroom. A larger room—"everything in it that we need, yet plenty of room" had been the comment of all. Here they gathered together to talk over the business of the farm, or the family; here they discussed all weighty matters; "here we will lay the great plans whereby we will save our country," Rollin had laughingly said. In this room they visited and spent their evenings together. Other rooms of the house were yet unoccupied.

It is not my purpose to go into detail and tell all the life of this family. There are other occurrences of vastly more importance. In this home they could enjoy each other's society and each one enjoy his own society, the latter being something very difficult for the majority of humanity. We do not respect that which someone so truly has called "the right of privacy." As time passed on the farm became more profitable and more beautiful. Less grain was raised

and more attention paid to early vegetables, and berries of all kinds were grown. Rollin Carr developed quite a talent as a gardener and grew stalwart and brown. As he always endeavored to have the best and earliest, and to get his products to the market first, he very soon had a reputation for fair dealing and first-class goods. Ida took charge of the chickens, and it was wonderful the success she had with them. Then she added ducks and geese to her feathered family. She studied their needs and habits and said "I have heard people say when talking of some foolish persons 'they are as silly as an old hen;' now, I consider that a slander on the old hen, for I tell you they have a great deal of sense." Jennie learned how to milk, how to make butter and the most delicious cottage cheese. Mrs. Blake "bossed all of them," so she said, but they would not have known how to live without her helpful advice, and she it was who saw to the many things the young people would have left undone.

Two years had passed with pleasant, useful work. Ida's father had written to her regularly, but had not visited her. One day when Rollin returned from the city he brought a telegram to Ida: "Come, bring Andrew; mother is sick." It came in the morning and that evening Ida and Andrew, Jr., were on their way east, where they arrived in due time. Ida was very anxious and both were weary with the long journey. The coachman was at the train, as Ida had telegraphed the time of her arrival, and when she alighted from the cars she asked, in eager tones, "How is mama, John?" The man shook his head and said, "She is very bad, Miss."

Mr. Crawford met Ida at the door and taking little Andrew in his arms said: "Do you know me little man?"

"Grandpa," the little fellow answered.

He had seen Mr. Crawford's picture so often and Ida had told him that he was going to see grandpa, that he felt sure he had reached his destination.

"Your mother is very sick; the physicians hold out no hope; they say she may live a week longer. She asked for you, and has been very uneasy all the afternoon, asking every few minutes if it were not time for you to come. Yes, she asked for the baby, and I told her about my visit to you, and gave her one of the baby's pictures, which she has kept by her for two days. She is sleeping now, but be ready to see her as soon as she wakes."

Ida went to her old room and soon all traces of travel were removed from mother and child. A maid came to the room and said "Mr. Crawford says to come to your mother's room." With a throbbing heart Ida went through the hall leading little Andrew. Her father opened the door and she entered. The face on the pillow, so white, so emaciated, could that be her proud, haughty mother? Yes, but the eyes were bright and eloquent with welcome. With difficulty Ida steadied her voice as she said: "Dear mama, I am so glad to see you." "Forgive," the poor mother murmured. For answer Ida kissed the trembling lips. "Little Andrew," the sick woman whispered, and Mr. Crawford lifted the boy and sat him on the edge of the bed.

"This is the little fellow; this is your grandchild, Andrew."

The child looked shyly at the face on

the pillow and then at his mother. Ida smiled and patted his cheek reassuringly; then he looked at his grandma and saw the tears rolling down her cheeks; instantly his little baby heart was filled with compassion. "Ky," he said sympathetically, "gamma ky," and he stroked her cheek. When they started to take the child away, fearing the excitement would exhaust her, Mrs. Crawford clung to the little hand and murmured "Let me have the little darling," and until she died, three days later, the child was in the room almost constantly. She asked Ida to tell her where she had been and what she had been doing. Ida told her mother the history of the months and years since she left home, touching but lightly on the subjects that would excite her mother. Wednesday morning Mrs. Crawford seemed stronger and talked almost naturally, and Ida said "Oh, mama, you are better, you are stronger;" and Mrs. Crawford replied "It is only the strength which so often comes before death, but I want to tell you while I may." And then she told how she had longed for her daughter, but pride had kept her silent. "But my illness has given me the opportunity to see things as they are, and I see that you did right. I am proud now, but it is different. I am proud of my daughter and proud of my grandson. The light of eternity enables me to see things clearly. You say Jennie Blake is a student, give her my books; you know I have a valuable library. Tell her they are from me. Give Mrs. Blake that antique bedroom set. Tell them both that if there is such a thing as those out of the body watching and blessing those yet on earth I will watch and bless them for their goodness to my child. My husband, I am glad that you were true to your convictions. Now, let me have the little one."

They put Andrew on the bed where he soon went to sleep. The sick woman lay watching him with loving eyes, and a faint smile was on her face. Her eyes closed and Ida and Mr. Crawford sat silently watching the two—one so near the end of life, the other just beginning the journey. At last becoming anxious Mr. Crawford stepped softly to the bed and bending over his wife listened for her breathing, and, with a sob, said "She is gone, Ida," and then he bowed his gray head on the pillow with the dead. Forgotten was all the coldness, all the haughty pride that had made his life barren; forgotten was all except that she had gone and that the place she had occupied was vacant. He had always been second in her thought, ambition occupying the first place. He grieved for what he should have had, not realizing that he had not received all that he had a right to expect. The funeral was held at the house and was strictly private. A few friends of the family saw Ida, but as only a few words of condolence was expected from them the meeting was not so embarrassing to them, the friends, as it would have been under other circumstances. Ida could not leave her father, so it was decided that for the present, until Mr. Crawford could see his way more clearly, she would remain with him. "I think he will return with me in a few months and make one of our home circle. I long to be with you again," she wrote.

(To be continued.)



## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Paul Rostel is with us again. He is occupying the Kelley place for the time being.

Dan Christensen, of Anderson Island, was over last Sunday to see his many friends here.

G. A. Kennan has sold his improvements to Arthur Hicklin and has moved to Payallup, Wash.

The name of our postoffice is HOME, not Home Addition or Home City. Our friends will please remember this.

Fred Ingalls, having chosen two acres has had them slashed. He was here last week and was as good natured as ever.

People who cannot attend to their own affairs and leave others to live out their own lives are not desired as members here.

R. Leonhardt, who lives on McNeil Island, and who is greatly interested in all that will benefit humanity, was here last Sunday.

J. W. Lindquist, a member of the Co-operative Brotherhood colony at Burley, spent two days here visiting old friends and making new ones.

L. F. Odell and family have sold their improvements and moved to Tacoma. Mrs. Odell must remain under the doctor's care for some time yet.

Mrs. H. Lindstrom and two daughters, Grace and Dora Christensen, of Anderson Island, spent last Sunday with us. We hope to see them often.

The school directors decided to engage two teachers, and Kate Cheyse and Gertrude Mellinger were chosen. New desks will be put in as soon as they can be got ready.

Though we run a notice at the end of these notes every week saying we are not living communistic we receive inquiries from readers of the paper asking about how much it will cost to "join our communistic home." We have no communistic home.

John L. Adams has taken photographs of some of the houses here and of other things of interest. They are very nice views and he proposes to sell them at 25 cents a piece mounted and 15 cents unmounted, postage prepaid, and donate all over cost to DISCONTENT. The list will be found in another column. Send your orders to DISCONTENT.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson Bay known locally as Joes Bay, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as

it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 70 people here—20 men, 18 women and 32 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so.

## THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

I have read DISCONTENT since it started and never noticed a clear suggestion for the people who toil every day and are confused in their minds as to the practical steps to be taken in the solution of modern problems. The first step to be taken would, in my opinion, be to acquire a knowledge of how to build up a sound body with a sound mind, so as to reason clearly and not be carried away by conventional customs, or the suggestions of parties whose interest it is to keep up present conditions—in blind or willful ignorance of the fact that such conditions as now obtain lower manhood and womanhood and will, in time, lead the people to a still more degrading state than they are now in, and through this bring diseased and premature children into the world instead of children of health, happiness and fuller vitality. In order to bring about such an ideal state men and women must give more time to study what their common responsibilities are on this planet so long as they inhabit it with their physical bodies. The first step which is necessary in order to give men and women a chance to find out what possibilities are within them is to change the entire structure of industry into a system by which man does not need to expend more than three, or at the most four, hours a day in physical labor, the rest of the day being for study, recreation and the building up of body and mind; and, of course, all wealth created in this way would be owned by the commonwealth. Under a system of this kind there would be no necessity for charity, poverty or crime; the dollar would not rule man or society but justice and fraternity would prevail. The best of it is that all the gabblers, lawyers and doctors, including the soul-saving fraternity except the genuine ones, would have a chance to work off their bile and to study nature and live accordingly, without cultivating their cunning and deceptive nature, and in return get all those things which are necessary to clothe and feed the body. The land being free, all the people would be able to build homes and beautify them, except those who are too lazy to work and who like to speculate in land and products for selfish gain.

R. LEONHARDT.

## VIEWS OF HOME.

1. General view of Home from Rocky Point. 2. Entrance to bay. 3. Clam digging. 4. Boat and beach scene. 5. Across the bay. 6. Rocky Point. 7. King residence. 8. Worden residence. 9. Adams residence. 10. Residence formerly occupied by the Odells.

Price, mounted, 25 cents, unmounted 15 cents. Order by number of DISCONTENT. As new views are taken they will be added to the list.

## RECEIPTS.

Wild \$1, Banker 85c, Pyburn 50c, Levin 50, Leonhardt 50c, Wotherspoon 50c, McCutcheon 50c, Hart 50c, Brittain 50c, Barnes 30c, Dalton 25c, Allen 20c, Rod 15c.

## HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock every day except Tuesday and Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a. m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

The Educational Club (Boston) meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. at 45 Eliot street. Free discussion.

## AGENTS FOR DISCONTENT.

San Francisco—L. Nylen, 700 Sunny-side ave.  
Honolulu—A. Klemencie, Alakea st.

OUR WORSHIP OF  
PRIMITIVE SOCIAL GUESSES  
BY EDWIN C. WALKER.

No man is wise enough to foresee the secondary results of any proposed restriction, and no history is copious enough to record the evils that have ensued upon denials of liberty.—George E. Macdonald.

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Grant Allen needs no introduction to reading; thinking men and women. Man of science, a writer of charming expository and imaginative prose, he was, perhaps, at his best when bravely leading on, as in this brilliant brochure, in the fight against degrading religious and moral superstitions and time-served wrongs. No brief description can tell you what this splendid little work embraces, no short excerpts can satisfy you. Price 5 cents.

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This book is up to date in every particular. It will save you HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS in doctor's bills. It tells you how to CURE YOURSELF by simple and harmless HOME remedies. It recommends NO POISONOUS OR DANGEROUS DRUGS. It teaches simple COMMON SENSE METHODS in accordance with Nature's laws. It does NOT indorse DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTS with the surgeon's KNIFE. It teaches how to save HEALTH and LIFE by safe methods. It is entirely free from TECHNICAL RUBBISH. It teaches PREVENTION—that it is better to know HOW TO LIVE and AVOID DISEASE than to take any medicine as a cure. It teaches how typhoid and other fevers can be both PREVENTED and CURED. It gives the best known treatment for LA GRIPPE, DIPHTHERIA, GAWARRH, CONSUMPTION, APPENDICITIS, and every other disease. It is the best medical book for the home yet produced. It is not an ADVERTISEMENT and has NO MEDICINE to sell. It tells you how to live that you may PROLONG LIFE. It opposes medical fads of all kinds and makes uncompromising WAR ON VACCINATION and the use of ANTI-TOXINE. It has hundreds of excellent recipes for the cure of various diseases. It has 16 COLORED PLATES, showing different parts of the human body. The chapter on RAINBOW MIDWINTER is worth its weight in gold to women. It has a large number of valuable illustrations. The "CARE OF CHILDREN" is something every mother ought to read. It teaches the value of AIR, SUNSHINE and WATER as medicines. It contains valuable INFORMATION for the MARRIED. It advises people with regard to marriage—tells who should and who should not marry. Those CONTEMPLATING MARRIAGE should get this book at once. This book has 800 pages, is neatly bound in cloth and will be sent to any address for \$2.75.

## ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

## Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of, a unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased:

First: To person named in will or bequest.  
Second: Wife or husband.  
Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

## CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that \_\_\_\_\_ has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ dollars, which entitles \_\_\_\_\_ to the use and occupancy for life of lot \_\_\_\_\_ block \_\_\_\_\_ as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.